

The Police Involvement

The station at Elland Road was quiet initially, I gave my details to the receptionist and said why I was here in a few words, she made notes on a torn off piece of paper, informed me that she would return in a minute and headed out through the door behind her. I had called the police via the non-emergency police support number initially and upon hearing the story and listening for 20-30 minutes said this sounds really bad, go to the police station now to report it.

The receptionist returned a few minutes later, she asked me to take a seat and informed me that someone would be with me shortly. The other, then quickly two, but the only others in the waiting area at the time, went in to make their reports. Then, as of course the CCTV recordings from the station would show; more came in and waited with me. Then many of these are called to be seen and still, I waited.

Whilst outside the large glass doors of the entrance, still waiting, my phone rings. I answered. I answered a call from a withheld number, an otherwise extremely rare action seemed normal to me in the situation.

As I hear the voice, I look inside the huge glass entrance to the police station and I see the lady on the reception desk with a phone to her ear looking at me as she spoke, she must only have been 10 meters away from where I was standing.

"Hi, I can see you just outside the front door and thought it would be easier to call?"

"Ok" I replied, slightly confused.

"I am sorry but we won't have time to see you today."

"But I have been waiting for over an hour and others have come and gone whilst I have been waiting?"

"Yes, but we are extremely busy and unfortunately we will not have time to see you?"

Well you are seeing other people? I have called 101 and was told to get to the police station to make a formal report urgently!" The confusing growing by the second.

"Yes, I am sorry but I have been told we will not be able to see you."

"Well what should I do as I do need to speak to someone and report a crime?" I replied somewhat amazed at what I was being told.

"Umm, I don't know"

“Well I have been told to come here and many others have been seen whilst I have been waiting, so I am not leaving.”

“Yes sorry, but I have been told we are too busy to be able to see you.”

“Well could you send someone to my home instead then please?”

She paused.

“I don’t know.” She said hesitantly

“Well, I will wait then as I need to report a crime.”

“But we are really busy and no one can see you.”

“When I arrived there only two people before me waiting, and there have been at least 10 others come in and have been since, so unless you send someone to my home, I will wait here.”

“Ok we will send someone to your home.”

After I asked for confirmation that this will definitely be the case the conversation ended and I booked an Uber to take me back to my apartment in the town centre.

I instantly knew something wasn’t right about the whole experience, the process, actions, body language and I was subjected to a process by the actions of the receptionist role that I noticed was different to those of any others. My mind was off, what would be the reason for those actions? It was certainly not part of the standard protocol, the hesitance and nervousness of the receptionist, as well as the fact I had waited so long whilst many others had come and then been seen since I arrived an hour before, it was immediately of certainty to myself that was a deliberate attempt to stop me from being able to report the crime. I had to know why!

An hour at most passed before the buzzer sounded.

I led the two young female police officers inside.

To make me feel at ease as we entered into the lift, to establish trust or, at least that was attempted, they complimented me on the general appearance of my apartment, ensured they found a shared interest of sorts, and as should be the case regardless, in order to aid in my perception of comfort, they searched for a discussion topic of interest to me.

But as soon as we entered into my apartment, they clearly displayed actions of such that were not of assistance let alone any empathy to myself, for they were, after I initially asked why that is the first thing they ask, displaying an increasingly aggressive and dismissive stance. It was all the receptionist had asked too, aside from my name and title of the 'crime the accused's name. I was by this stage shocked, they were speaking to me in such an aggressive inconsiderate nature that one would think that I were the one to have committed the crime!

"We can't do anything without a name?"

"Well, of course I will be giving you the name but at the moment, I haven't even told you what you are here for."

"But we can not do anything without a name?"

Instantly I knew that there was a reason for them prioritising the name over my own well-being, the attack I had been subjected too or indeed a single detail other than a name. This pursuit of a name and my growing bad instinctive feeling is now considering possibilities as to exactly why they are so keen for the name. I nearly crack.

"Ok." I said, I will give you the name.

By this point both officers have moved to the sofa and as they sense I am going to give the name first despite my confusion, the officer on the right with the brunette hair, reaches into the inside pocket of her yellow police jacketed pulls out a torn off page from a magazine. I mean, the fact that I had already noted a moment before, that they both turned their radio controls so the red light was off was a mere side show to what was suddenly unravelling in my life and barely registered.

"That's not a notebook." I pointed out the obvious.

At this stage the officers looked at each other, as if to say "opps", then stood up, aggressively made out that I was a crazy ex and needed help as they quickly left! I was stood with my phone in my hand in shock. Not one message had been looked at, not one message and yet I knew even just giving a police

officer my phone with no input from myself even would have highlighted the seriousness of what I had experienced.

Intuition is an incredible thing, it is one of the greatest powers that we have at our disposal, for intuition is a result of our subconscious trying to guide us as a result of a filter of a thought through every previously stored experience in the memory. It is effectively the combined effort of all we have experienced in life prior to the current moment trying to guide us through the current moment. It was infact my failure to listen to my own due to the one thing of which I know could forcefully oppose it; that is, my personal value of trust and loyalty in friendship.